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AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Pozer
3 copy

House to House Visiting in Cairo, Egypt.

(Miss E. F. Waller, in 'Church Missionary Gleaner.')

Most of the children in the Old Cairo Girls' School, whose parents I visit, are of a poor class, and come from small houses, or huts.

The houses have flat roofs, with rails round the edge and staircases leading up to them outside. People keep hens and chickens on the roof, have their wash-house up there, hang out the clothes there, and in a general way use it as people would use a yard at home. The houses have plastered walls, colored pale pink, or gray, or yellow, according to the owner's fancy. All the windows have shutters outside, opening outward like doors, and the street door opens into a quadrangle or court. The houses do not usually have gardens attached to them. The rooms are very high and airy. The floors are of stone, and there are no fireplaces.

One gets, as a rule, a very cordial welcome, more especially in these poorer houses, where the people are most eager to listen. One is more likely to be scolded for not coming often enough than for coming too often. Any hour from half-past eight to twelve a.m., or three to seven p.m., seems suitable for visiting. Even if the people are ill, or at a feast, or mourning round the dead body of a friend, one is always welcome. They think our visits very short. Half an hour is only a 'shake hands,' an hour a short visit, and half a day reasonable, so that it is difficult to accomplish more than two or three visits in an afternoon.

It is not easy to find the houses. There are so many narrow streets, one leading out of the other, that they are most bewildering. The best way is to take a school-child, who knows where several of her companions live, as guide. A married woman is not known by her husband's name, but by her own 'Christian' name, with 'sitt' (lady) prefixed, or as the mother of her eldest son, e.g., Sitt Fahima, or mother of Mohammed. Fancy having to search in a London court for the mother of Bill or Jack, and you will have some idea of what it is like.

The house-door is unlatched by means of a string, which is pulled by some one upstairs. If the door is closed the visitor knocks, if it is open she claps, and in both cases is answered by a loud 'Meen?' ('Who?').

EGYPTIAN POOR RIDING IN A DONKEY CART.

She replies 'I' or 'We,' and sometimes adds where she comes from.

She is invited to come up, and greetings are shouted, and suitably answered, till she arrives in the room at which she is aiming, and even then they continue for some time.

For example: 'You are one of us.' 'Make yourself at home.' 'How are you?' 'May God preserve you.' 'How is your health?' 'Praise be to God,' and above all 'Tafaddully,' an indescribable word, which does for an invitation to help oneself to anything, or to take precedence of somebody, or almost anything.

As a rule one is ushered into a guest-room, which is unlocked for the purpose, or in a very poor house a mat is spread on the earth floor, where one sits amongst the cocks, hens, pigeons, or kids, which may be walking about downstairs.

After three minutes of greetings and general civilities, some one goes out to make coffee, which is served in small cups like our egg-cups; or glasses of syrup, green, purple, blue or red, are brought.

Alas! it is scarcely ever possible to escape refreshment of some kind or other. Sometimes one can manage to drink only half, and then, by patting a neighbor on the back, and using 'blarney' freely, make her finish it, and then one comes to the Gospel.

There is not so much difficulty in introducing the subject as there usually is in England. The name of God is constantly on the lips. 'This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me,' is a text frequently in one's mind. It is wonderful how they listen.

Lately in a very poor house I found a woman who had been ill. Her child had only attended the school a very short time, and I had not known where she lived, but found the mother in a house where I had gone to look for somebody else. She had never heard of the Lord Jesus, not even by the name of 'Saeedna Eesa,' by which the Moslems usually speak of him. When I had explained who he was, I read to her the story of his casting out the evil spirit in the synagogue (St Mark i.), and of his healing Simon's wife's mother. She was intensely interested. I have often seen the women listen before, but never devour the words as this one did. At last when I asked her if she would like to pray to our Lord, and ask him to save her, she was much astonished.

'Can I pray to him? I don't know the right words to say, and ought I not to put on a clean dress to pray in? He will not like me dirty like this.'

When I suggested that it was no use trying to make oneself better before going to the doctor, and that she had better come just as she was, she consented to pray, and said the words after me. Will all you who read this pray now while you read that this woman may really believe in Jesus Christ as her Saviour?

I will mention another instance at a better-class house, where I met with a very different reception, the only house, I think, where I have not been well received. In the better houses the people strike one as more occupied with the things of this world, and they do not want the Gospel unless they are specially prepared by trouble to listen.

In this house of which I speak the people were barely civil, according to our ideas, and certainly rude according to Eastern ones. It was only in answer to prayer that an opportunity came of saying something on how engrossed the Moslems of this land

A DISTANT VIEW OF CAIRO.

are in the transitory things of this world, in eating and drinking, clothes and money-making, while they neglect the things belonging to the spirit, which remain. The arrow seemed to hit the mark, and fortunately we had with us a card which had lately been printed, on which were the four colors of the 'wordless book,' with suitable texts beside them. I showed them this, and explained the Gospel from it. They seemed very much amused but interested, and ended by inviting us to come again. They allowed us to fasten the card upon the wall. We feel that special prayer is needed for those who have the good things of this life, and feel no need of Christ.

Sometimes on Saturdays or free days we have time to ride out on donkeys across the desert to visit outlying villages. Perhaps we find an ex-patient from the hospital, at whose house we are sure of a welcome. Even where the people are not personally known to us they crowd round to see English people, and so we can always get an audience.

One day, when we had only gone out to 'smell the air,' as they describe a picnic, we stopped at a village, and asked where we could rest. They took us to the guest-house, and entertained us, and begged us to come again and spend the day on the public holiday, corresponding to a bank holiday. The approach to the village was rather a terrible one—a narrow path at the top of steep banks, where we met a string of camels coming along, which we were obliged to pass somehow. The first part of the day was spent at the guest-house, where the people were not very eager to listen, but, on the contrary, easily distracted. But afterwards we got several large crowds of women and children, who listened pretty well. In the midst of the discourse a man rushed up and drove the people away, not because of the Gospel, but because he had been instructed not to let the villagers crowd round visitors. It is very difficult to speak to a crowd of people, because the least thing distracts them, and some persons make a tremendous noise themselves in trying to keep the others quiet.

If we go in pairs it is easy, while one is addressing the crowd, for the other to get one woman by herself, and speak to her personally. One cannot in the least estimate the result of a casual visit like this. It seems so little, and yet one feels sure that the Word cannot return void.

In another letter Miss Waller gives a useful reminder: 'Please remember that the native Christians need prayer quite as much as those who are not converted. I wish the idea could be got rid of—that once some one is converted, he needs nothing more, but is done with. I had almost said the native Christians need more prayer than the others. They are exposed to temptation and one has to remember that they have no public opinion on the right side. It takes very real Christianity to stand the atmosphere of wrong all round. Some of them have terrible falls, and these bring disgrace to their religion.'

The other day there was an item in the 'St. Paul Dispatch' about a man who was an habitual drinker. He drank more than he ought to and got drunk. The alcohol excited his brain so that he tried to shoot his wife and then shot himself.

Liquor often brings sickness. A constant user who gets drunk every little while gets dropsy, because the liquor fattens the inside of the body. The fat grows around the heart and stops it suddenly. This is dropsy.—'Union Signal.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of July 3:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$253.95
Two School Girls	.50
Collected in Peachland, B.C.	8.80
Mrs. T. B. Gardner	1.00
Elmore Y.P.S.C.E., per J. S. Mann, secretary	3.40
Gibson Mission Band	7.00
S. E. McKee	1.00
S. Hall	2.00
Ed. Killins	5.00
Sweetsburg	10.00
Ernest, Marion and Jean Welbourn.	1.50
Ernest J. Sammons	.10
A Friend, Stewart	.50
Myrtle (Ont.) school district, per Miss A. Morrison, teacher	3.00
Anonymous	2.00
Trout River Debating Society	20.00
D.F.G.	10.00
H.B.F.	.50
Women's Christian Temperance Union, Gravel Hill, Ont.	6.30
John Jackson	5.00
Lower Ormstown Sunday school	8.00
J.B.M.	1.10
Turnbull Brothers	1.00
Proceeds of open air concert at Westmount	3.15
J.A.C.	1.00
Mrs. W. C. Bishop	1.00
Sarah Cairns	5.00
Wm. Stutt	1.00
Neal McCahill	1.00
Richard Stutt	.50
A Friend, Weston	1.50
Sheffield, N.B., Union Lodge, I.O. G.T.	5.00

Collected by Jennie Ewing, Flodden:

Katie Carruth	$1.50
Mr. Carruth	.25
Archie Carruth	.25
Catherine Ewing	.25
Mrs. S. Ewing	.25
S. Ewing	.25
Mr. William Stevens	.25
Mrs. William Stevens	.25
Mrs. John McLean	.25
A Friend	.25
Thomas McLeay	.50
Mrs. Peter McNaughton	.25
Mr. John C. McLean	.25
Mrs. Robert Clowes	.25
Mr. James McNaughton	.20
Mrs. James McNaughton	.25
Mrs. George Jeanson	.10
X. Beupre	.05
MacLean Miller	.10
A Friend	.25
	$6.20

Collected by Mary A. Rugg, Compton, Que.:

A Friend	$2.00
Miss Holbrook	1.00
Rev. R. Smith	1.50
Mrs. V. Pomeroy	1.00
Craig Bros.	1.00
Mrs. S. J. Craig	1.00
Mrs. C. G. Craig	.50
Mrs. Lemoine	1.00
Mrs. J. Betts	1.00
W. U. Rugg	1.00
Mr. Farnsworth	.50
Dr. Hume	.50
William Betts	.50
Miss Ferguson	.50
Robert Wharram & Co.	.50
Mr. Rowell	.50
John Rugg	.35
W. Paige	.30
Rev. G. H. Parker	.25
Mrs. Kellam	.25
Miss E. Craig	.25
Mrs. Rowell	.25
Mrs. Whitcomb	.25
Mrs. Robertson	.25
Charles Demerse	.25
Miss Furze	.25
Mrs. D. Saultry	.25
Miss Moore	.25
Miss L. Todd	.10
N. Drolet	.01
W. Hooper	.10
Mrs. Fowler	.25
	17.60

Sent by Mrs. J. A. McIntosh, Winchester Springs, Ont.:

A. Friend	$5.00
Annie McIntosh, Winchester Springs	1.00
Mr. Ira McIntosh, Winchester Springs	1.00
Mrs. John McQuigg, Winchester Springs	1.00
Mr. Solomon Coons, Winchester Springs	.50
Mr. Simon Hanes, Winchester Springs	.50
Mr. David Gallagher, Toy's Hill	2.00
Mrs. Jonathan Salter, Winchester Springs	.25
Mr. Hudson McIntosh, Winchester Springs	1.00
Mrs. Lysander Cooper, Toy's Hill	.20
Mr. Albert Haggerty, Toy's Hill	1.00
A Sympathizer, Winchester Spgs.	.50
Mrs. Samuel Hutt, Winchester Spgs.	.50
Mr. William Shaver, Winchester Springs	.10
Mr. Luther Deeks, Elma	1.00
Mr. Josiah Casselman, Winchester Springs	.25
Mr. John Munroe, Winchester Springs	1.00
A Friend, Winchester Springs	1.00
Mrs. Hy. Jackson, Winchester	.25
A Friend	2.00
	$20.07

Collected by Mrs. H. Berwick, Robinson, Que.:

Mr. and Mrs. H. Berwick	$1.00
Ibri C. Potter	.35
Peter Petitt	.25
Mrs. A Lanctot	.10
H.L.P.	.10
Mrs. W. Mathews	.05
R. Potter	.50
Mrs. A. Hamilton	.10
Miss Viola Ollison	.05
Mrs. G. Allison	.05
Mrs. John Lefebvre	.50
Mrs. H. Lefebvre	.25
Mrs. J. Clark	.10
Mrs. T. Stokes	.25
Mrs. J. Palmer	.25
Ida B. Murray	.10
Eva McLeod	.10
A. Friend	.10
Dr. Wales	.50
A Friend	.25
	$5.05

Collected by Wilfrid Driver, Melboro, Que.:

Mr. J. Oranger	05
Mrs. T. W. Constable	25
Mrs. A. Crack	.15
Wilfred Driver	.25
Ethyl Driver	10
Walter Wright	.10
John Nicholls	.10
James A. Wright	.10
Aleck Johnston	.10
Edna L. Pepler	.10

Collected by Violet Stalker, Melboro, Que.:

Elsye S. Lyster	.25
Violet Stalker	.13
Frank Stalker	.10
Willie Frank	.05
Jennie Frank	.05
M. M. C. Delaney	.05
Wesley Irwin	25
John D. Stalker	75
M. Delaney	.25
Mr. Phalen	.25
Fred. Russell	.05
Alexander Russell	.05
Mrs. McIver	.10
Jessie Pease	.10
A. G. Stalker	75
S. D. Stalker	.25
A. Dunne	.25
T. Rano	.05
J. Johnston	.12
Harold Delaney	.10
A Friend	.05

Collected by Henry Fowler, Melboro, Que.:

Mary Pepler	.25
Henry Fowler	.10
A. W. Armitage	.25
J. A. Fowler	.25
W. Fowler	.05
D. L. Fowler	.05
Otis Fowler	.05
W. B. Scofield	.10
Mrs. W. H. Lyster	.25
Isobel Lyster	.10
	$5.70
A Friend, Armstrong, B.C.	5.00
Collection at Sunday School section No. 6, Sarnia township	3.00
Sympathizer, Bradwardine	4.00
	$132.10

Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:

To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$95.26
To Christian Alliance Mission	98.15
To American Board of Missions	24.18
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	8.35
To Southern India Famine Fund	28.01
	253.95
	$178.15

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat.

Previously acknowledged	$2,622.11
Collected by the Sunday School, Campbell settlement, York County, N.B., per Ansley Draper, secretary	17.10
Beaver Knoll Cottages, Star, Alta.	2.00
Vale Perkins Sunday School	3.25
A.E.B.	10.00
Sunday School class No. 6, Meaford, Ont.	4.00
A.E.S.	1.00
Part of undesignated amounts	98.15
	$2,759.61

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

July 15, Sun.—I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil.

July 16, Mon.—Therefore choose life.

July 17, Tues.—Be strong and of a good courage.

July 18, Wed.—Fear not, nor be afraid.

July 19, Thurs.—He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee

July 20, Fri.—Be strong and of a good courage.

July 21, Sat.—A God of truth and without iniquity.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The City Clerk.

('Light in the Home.')

When Arthur Walterson was a lad of sixteen he was in a merchant's office, where he had, to his misfortune, a fellow-clerk, who was a fast youth. It was not only that he did many things which he ought not to have done; he had in addition a certain affectation of wildness. He usually carried a sporting paper in his pocket, and bragged of being on intimate terms with a certain jockey from whom he 'had picked up a thing or two.' He had many stories about racing horses; he would recount with immense gusto certain trips he had made to the Derby—in point of fact, he had only been there once, and then in a very humble conveyance indeed—but when he described the visit to Arthur, who implicitly believed every word the other told him, he had been

borne by a carriage and pair, and had revelled in champagne. Though only nineteen he was in the habit of speaking of himself as 'a man of the world,' and Arthur felt quite proud of being the friend of this dashing fellow.

By-and-by Arthur was induced to follow in his friend's footsteps. He was persuaded to bet upon a horse that was 'dead certain to win'; there could be no doubt at all about it, he was assured. Full of confidence in his chum's knowledge of such matters, Arthur did that which he knew his parents would entirely disapprove, with the result that he lost. Then came a sudden and awful awakening from his pleasant dream. This youth, with an income of twelve shillings a week, now found himself seven pounds in debt. What was he to do? He hadn't courage to tell his father. Besides, his people were always short of cash. After some days of torture he did what others in a similar predicament have done before. He had a letter to take down in shorthand to a certain Arthur Scrivener. He had then to write it out in longhand, to enclose a cheque for seven pounds, and post it. Every detail he transacted except the last. The money was a gift, and perhaps, Arthur argued, a receipt would not be expected. Accordingly he wrote the name of Arthur Scrivener across the cheque and cashed it.

It was not long before his crime was discovered. One day his employer called him into an inner office and shut the door. 'Walterson,' he said sternly, 'I shall have to give you into custody for forgery.'

The culprit turned deadly pale.

'You are ruined for life; you will be convicted and sentenced, perhaps, to penal servitude for three years. How could you be guilty of such mad folly? What led you to it? Have you been betting?'

'Yes,' whispered Arthur.

'Who led you astray— for I suspect you have had some bad companion?' asked the employer, who possibly suspected who the tempter was.

'Don't ask me, sir. I've sunk low enough without being mean enough to shelter myself behind any one else's back.' As he spoke there was both earnestness and humility in his tone.

'Had you not one thought for your father and mother, boy, when you did this thing? How is it you can be true to your comrade in evil, and so forgetful of them? I have seen your mother: she is a lady. Poor woman, what terrible sufferings it'll cause her to have a son in prison! She will shrink from all society; when she sees two of her acquaintances conversing, she will be sure to think they are speaking of the terrible disgrace that has befallen her family.'

At these words Arthur hung his head and sobbed, for he loved his mother. The merchant went to the door and turned the key. 'Your sisters will feel this terrible disgrace, and will be ashamed before their school-fellows.'

The words struck home. Arthur had a favorite sister, and little Maggie returned his affection; and now he was cut off from the sweet and holy joy of the home life. Crime had stepped in between him and his mother; he was no longer a fit associate for his innocent little sister. For a few moments he was allowed to give vent to his agony in sobs uninterrupted. Then his employer spoke—

'Walterson, for the sake of your parents, with whom, as you know, I am not acquainted; but I know it would be something most terrible to them to see you stand in the dock—to know their son to be a convicted thief;—for their sakes then I forgive you.'

'Oh—h!' cried Arthur, with the feeling of having passed from hell to heaven. 'Oh, sir, how can I ever thank you enough? It would have broken my mother's heart!'

'Your crime must be concealed from her, and in order to do that you must remain here. If I discharged you, it would be without a character. But I only keep you on condition that you give me your solemn promise never to bet again.'

'I'll do that most willingly. I hate the whole thing now.'

'Will you give up your companion?'

'I won't be chummy with him any more,' he averred, with a look of disgust. The dashing, rackety ways of the tempter were now to him like the apples of the Dead Sea.

'Oh, sir, you are so kind. I don't deserve this mercy; but I will pay you back,' he now said in eager, earnest tones.

'I've no doubt you'll try to do so; but remember a good motive doesn't justify doubtful means. You mustn't try to become suddenly rich. Don't think too much about paying me back, lest it should make you break your resolution not to bet. Now you had better take a walk to calm yourself. The clerks mustn't see these traces of emotion.'

For nine months Arthur remained with his kind employer. Then, owing to a general commercial depression, he became bankrupt, in consequence of which the unhappy lad lost his berth. And now he had to seek employment elsewhere without a character. In deepest dejection he scanned the 'Telegraph' for suitable advertisements, and answered some, though he felt it was of no avail. He had all the acquirements a clerk was expected to have. He was an excellent penman, he was quick at accounts, he knew shorthand, was a typist, and had office experience. Yes, he had all that was demanded but the one thing—unblemished character. His parents, of course, took a lively interest in his getting a new berth, and were even a little ambitious for him. His father had a high opinion of his abilities, and, observing that his son seemed dull and apathetic, tried to rouse him by speaking of the high positions that might be attained if one were energetic and went about things the right way. 'You're not to imagine,' he said, 'that because I am a civil service clerk with a small salary that

your social position is defined by that fact, and that it's not incumbent on you to be ambitious. My father was an officer in the army, as you know, my grandfather was a clergyman, and I blame myself now, because I was neither industrious enough nor ambitious enough when I was young.'

While these words were spoken Arthur suffered torture; he bent his eyes on the carpet. Possibly his father suspected something was wrong, that he had lapsed into some youthful error, the best corrective of which was to rouse the lad to ambition, to show him that he bore an honored name.

One day Arthur went into the city with two letters in his pocket, one of which was from a certain commercial firm. In an interview with the principal which he had, his appearance, manner, and acquirements were all found to be satisfactory.

'And your references?' asked the gentleman.

Arthur hung his head as he said, in deepest humility, 'I haven't any.'

'Not any! No references? Did you not tell me you had been a year with a merchant?'

'Yes; but I can't ask him for a character. I—I did something wrong, but he forgave me and kept me,' Arthur stammered out.

'Oh, of course, if you've lost your character that's an end of the matter. Good-morning.'

Arthur left the office and wandered aimlessly to the Embankment. Standing looking at the river, he thought it might be well to plunge in. The thought of going home to his parents was intolerable; they would wonder why he didn't get the berth. He could not face them. Perhaps the best thing would be to run away; yet to do that was to inflict great misery on his parents. After brooding on his terrible position for half an hour, during which time he pictured to himself his mother's agony when she learned he had committed suicide, he remembered he had another letter in his pocket, and that he had to call at the office of a certain solicitor. What was the use? Is it likely a sharp lawyer would overlook his not being able to give a reference? Then in his despair the thought came that he might pray. There was a bench near him on which sat a tramp fast asleep. Arthur sat down, and, putting his hands over his face, leaned forward and prayed, 'Lord, I am not fit for any office; no one will take a thief into his employment, so I come to thee.'

He was not in the habit of praying, and when he rose from the bench he thought it very likely his prayer was all wrong. He even began to criticise it. Was it not an insult to the Deity to tell him that when he—Arthur—was too bad for any earthly master he would go to the holy one? But he lacked the mental vigor at that moment to think the matter out. He had, however, gained one little spark of courage. He would go to the office of the solicitor whose letter he had in his pocket.

As on the former occasion, Arthur's appearance, manner and acquirements left nothing to be desired. He was given a letter to take down in shorthand, and his stenography was pronounced to be neat and legible, as well as sufficiently rapid. 'Your references?' said the solicitor. Arthur hung his head and was silent.

'Who was your last employer?' was asked in a gentle tone. Perhaps the speaker saw traces of the mental anguish the lad had endured, and was pitiful. His manner inspired confidence.

'It was Mr. Thomas. He's bankrupt; but I can't refer to him.' And then with a face expressive of a very agony of shame, he was beginning to tell his tale when there was the sound of an approaching footstep. The solicitor hastened to the door.

'It's Mr. Green,' said a clerk.

'I'll see Mr. Green in a few minutes—I'm engaged at present.' And having so said the solicitor locked the door on the inside. Yes, you must wait, Mr. Client, rich man though you are, for a penitent's story has to be heard.

When Arthur had finished his narration and spoken with fervent gratitude of his late employer, he added, 'But his goodness only made me the more mad with myself; I feel as if I had brought him to bankruptcy.'

'I believe you to be truly penitent; I am willing to engage you,' were the words that now lightened the load of this unhappy youth.

'Oh, thank you!' he exclaimed with passionate fervor. 'I only wish I could show my gratitude in more than words. You and Mr. Thomas are marvels of goodness; but I can never forgive myself. I'm disgraced in my own eyes forever; I can't look my father and mother in the face.'

'I understand your feelings. You would like a few drops of the water of Lethe to sprinkle over your past.'

'That I should!' was the lad's earnest exclamation. He did not, perhaps, read more than other youths; but his reading made a more lasting impression than is often the case. 'And yet,' he added after a second's pause, 'the waters of Lethe only made the sinner forget his sin.'

'Whereas you want it blotted out altogether.'

'Yes; if I only had Aladdin's lamp; but you'll think me silly to speak of such nonsense at such a moment.'

'No; you are feeling dimly after a deep human need. There is a moral Aladdin's lamp for you. There is something which can wipe out the stain of your crime completely. Have you not heard that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin?'

'Yes, I have heard it, but somehow I forgot, I—I didn't think about it; but it's the very thing I need,' he replied in tones of deepest earnestness.

'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,' repeated the solicitor.

'That's in the Bible, I know. Can I take it to myself? May my scarlet sin be made white?' he asked eagerly.

'Undoubtedly.'

'To be made clean again; to be able to look my mother in the face once more—that's wonderful.'

At this point there was a knock at the door. 'Mr. Green can't wait any longer,' said a clerk.

'I'm sorry, but I'm still engaged.' Yes, go, Mr. Client; your money-bags fly up like a feather when weighed in the balance with an immortal soul.

'When you are able to believe that God has forgiven you, you will be able to forgive yourself,' said the solicitor, as he laid his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder. 'Now, you had better go and take a seat in some quiet place, and take this Testament with you; but be sure to bring it when you come to-morrow morning. If it should be wanted in the interim, I must send out for another. Read the fifteenth chapter of Luke—I'll mark it for you, lest you should forget—and then read the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of St. John, that you may see how much it cost to wash your guilt away. If I were you I would go to St. James's Park, and as your eyes rest on the trees think whose love it was that made them. I am very fond of looking up from nature to nature's God.'

Arthur returned to the Embankment and stood on the very spot on which he had stood before, when the flowing river had suggested a way of putting an end to earthly trouble. What a marvellous change had taken place in his feelings! He sat down on the bench on which he had previously sat, from which he had offered up his crude prayer. Again he leaned forward, and with his hands covering his face poured out his soul. It was scarcely a prayer; it was a burst of gratitude, it was worship. If it had been spoken aloud, and if it had been heard by a passer-by, it would not, perhaps, have been considered by any means a good prayer. The usual phraseology of devotional exercises was entirely wanting. 'It's all wiped out, the horrid stain,' were the words he many times repeated to himself as he walked in the direction of St. James's Park. He scarcely saw the passers-by. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow,' he said, with a deep sense of gratitude.

When he reached the park he looked about for a quiet place, and, finding at length a bench where there were no children, he sat down, and, taking the Testament out of his pocket, read the story of the Prodigal Son. For some minutes he thoughtfully pondered over the parable, his eyes resting the while on the waving trees. After that he read, as his kind friend had advised, the narrative of the crucifixion. 'I am pardoned, but what a lot it cost! That he should have been scourged. Oh, I never can thank him enough or serve him enough; but I do love him,' he repeated in a low tone, his countenance expressing deepest emotion.

Three years afterwards a tall, well-built young man called upon Mr. Thomas at his new office and restored seven pounds.

'I'm sincerely glad to see you, and to get this money, Walterson,' said the merchant, 'not for the money's sake, though it's useful too, but for your own.'

'I'm sorry I couldn't bring it sooner; but out of fifteen shillings a week it's difficult to save.'

'Of course it is. You must have practiced the utmost self-denial. I have often thought about you, and feared you would have a difficulty in getting another berth.'

Upon this Arthur told his story. Mr. Thomas listened with an air of deepest respect.

'I congratulate you on having found an employer, who is evidently a most excellent man.'

'He is; but there is yet more to congratulate me upon. I have found a Master who has borne my sins, who has washed me and made me clean.'

Be Kind, Be True.

Be kind, little maiden, be kind;
In life's busy way you will find
There is always room for a girl who smiles
And with loving service the hour beguiles;
A lass who is thoughtful as she is fair,
And for others' wishes has a care;
Who is quick to see when the heart is sad,
And is loving and tender to make it glad;
Who loves her mother and lightens her cares,
And many a household duty shares;
Who is kind to the aged and kind to the young,
And laughing and merry and full of fun;
There is always love for a girl who is sweet,
Always a smile her smile to greet;
Then be kind, little maiden, be kind.

—'Union Signal.'

Vanishing Heliogoland.

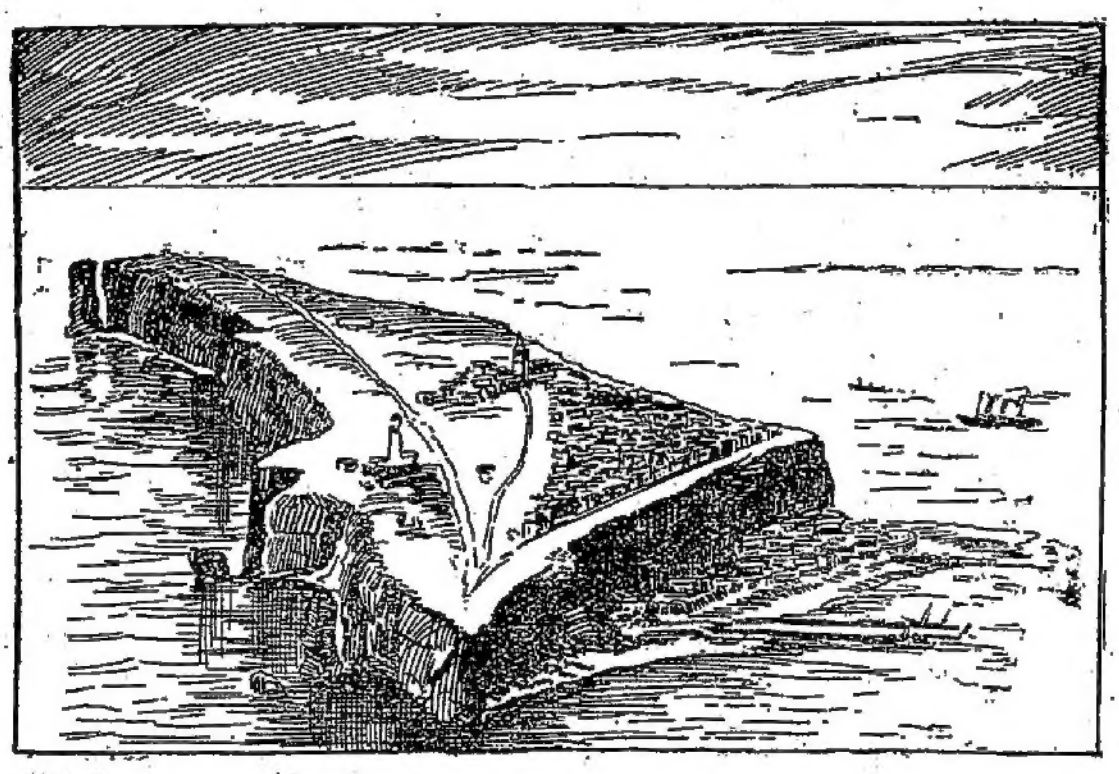
Eight years ago the little island of Heligoland, lying twenty-five miles from the North German coast, opposite the mouth of the Elbe river, was ceded by England to Germany, in return for certain African concessions. The new owners were not then particularly rejoiced over their bargain, and now they have additional cause for discontent in the fact that the island—which is simply a triangular slab of red marl and sandstone, scarcely three miles in circumference, rising abruptly 200 feet out of the sea—is visibly crumbling away, and effacing itself in the waves more rapidly than any other place of equal size known to scientific observation. Within living memory startling changes of disintegration have taken place; and views made twenty-five years ago are quite misleading now. Tall boulders, detached fragments of the main land, diminish from year to year, and the whole face of the sea-cliffs is honeycombed with caves, channels, and arches. These are turned to account as bathing places, and together with the sand-bar beach lying about a mile distant, attract profitable throngs of summer visitors.

A few generations, or, at most a few centuries, more and Heligoland will be only a flat and desolate sand-dune, like those of the surrounding sea.

The island as it is to-day consists of two very distinct parts. There is the Unterland, a flat stretch of strand on which is a cluster of houses. Boats and steamers come and go, and passengers are landed there. The Unterland runs close up under one of the wall-like cliffs of the island proper, a cliff too steep for any practicable paths to be made up its face. Communication with the summit, or Oberland, is therefore by means of a staircase of 192 steps, divided into four flights. This unique arrangement has been supplemented of late years by a huge lift, or elevator. Around the point to which these lead on the Oberland are more houses. So close are they to the edge of the cliff, so huddled together in this one corner, that they suggest the fancy that dwellings once scattered over the whole surface of the island have been swept hither like dead leaves by the wind, and that some have dropped over to find a resting-place on the Unterland below.

On the level plain of the Oberland great fields of potatoes are planted, to provide food for the people in winter. They are then cut off from the main land, and obliged to depend on their own resources. Often even before the visitors have left in autumn there are storms that prevent the landing of provisions; then one must live on fish.

The thrifty islanders turn their position to good account, and reap a harvest from the sea. They send quantities of fish to Hamburg, Cuxhaven, and other towns, to be sold or exchanged for the turf or wood, or other necessaries not native to Heligoland. They are of Frisian descent—and, though they understand low German, they have kept their own old language, as well as their costume and customs. There are now only 1,800 inhabitants, a startling decrease. Sixty years ago the population was 2,400—and at one period of the English occupation it rose to 4,000.—'Leslie's Weekly.'



THE VANISHING ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

A Case of Discipline.

(By Mary Joslyn Smith.)

Seventy-five years ago there was a large Sunday-school connected with one of the Washington city churches. At least, the school was large for the time. The leader, or superintendent, was called president of the school. In that school there was one very naughty boy, who, the teachers decided, was unmanageable, and, after many consultations, the teachers agreed with the president of the school that the boy must be expelled, and that it ought to be done in the most impressive manner possible.

The president had no call-bell or gong, but knocked on the table when he wanted attention. Accordingly, at the sound of his knock the teachers and pupils looked towards him, and he requested the teacher of the noisy boy to lead him out before the school, and have him stand by the table. Then the president asked all to sing, 'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?' (There was no Sunday-school music at that time.)

The boy joined heartily in the singing for he had so fine a voice that he was really a leader among the children.

The president then gave a very solemn talk and warning to all mischievous pupils and gave out another hymn, 'When I can read my title clear.' After the singing he directed the teacher of the boy to lead him out of the house and out of the grounds. By that time the children and many of the teachers were weeping. The old churches had churchyards and large gates. The teacher led the boy out of the grounds, and solemnly put him out of the gate, closing it carefully.

The president again spoke to the children of the great wrong the boy had done himself, and that they must not be influenced by him if they met him during the week.

On the next Sunday the boy came to the school with a smiling face, and, while the teachers tried to be glad, they hardly knew what to say.

The small boy walked up the president's table before the opening of the school and said:—'I came back to sing, anyhow. I don't mean to be bad, but it's awful long time to be so still. Don't you know little boys don't like such—such solemn—is that the right word? It's all right for girls, I guess, but I wish we could move round a little or do something. I will be a good boy, though, if you let me stay.'

After school the president asked the teachers to stay for a consultation.

'Teachers,' said he, 'our case of discipline is likely to react upon ourselves. How can we have more variety, so the small boys will not think it dull here, and want to play? We must remember our school is looked to from all the other cites where they have Sunday-schools, so we must be cautious in our innovations. I confess,' said he, 'that it had never occurred to me that children needed recreaton, or almost amusement on Sunday; but the little boy seemed very much in earnest, and maybe he does represent a class we should keep in our Sunday-school.'—'S.S. Times.'

A Memory of Dargai.

The Rev. W. Hay M. Aitken, in his recently published book, 'The Romance of Christian Work and Experience,' which abounds in many true thrilling incidents of religious labor, relates this interesting fact in real life:—

Only a few weeks ago a Christian lady was sitting in my drawing-room, whose son, an officer in the Indian army, was one of the heroic band that stormed the heights of Dargai in the teeth of that murderous fire which laid so many of our gallant soldiers low.

On the very day of that engagement, and at that very hour (English time), his mother had to attend a meeting of ladies convened for purposes of work and prayer. She stated that she felt constrained to ask for special prayer, that he might be preserved amidst the serious dangers to which, she had reason to know, he was being exposed, and her request was sympathetically responded to by those who were present.

There is a difference of several hours between the time at Greenwich and in India, and so no doubt the battle had been over some time before that prayer meeting was held.

'But,' said the lady, 'it seemed to me an illustration of the words, "Before they call I will apswer," for that very day my son had been ordered to take part in the rush across the fatal plateau, so accurately covered by the guns of the foe.

'As he was leading on his men his foot caught on a stone, and he tripped up and fell. That saved his life. The two men immediately behind him were struck down by the terrible hail of bullets a moment after he had fallen, the deadly missiles, that would certainly have gone through him, passing over his head where he fell, to do their fatal work elsewhere.'

So his life was spared, and his mother's prayer was answerd.—'Sunday Companion.

Bernard Bates's Temptation

(Willis S. Meade in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Bernard Bates was employed by a large firm of commission merchants in the city in which he lived. He was an upright young man, a consistent Christian, and from his salary supported his widowed mother and clothed and kept his young sister in school. For his honesty and integrity he was respected by all who knew him, and thought well of by his employers.

One day there arrived at the warehouse in which he worked a large consignment of apples, and to him was given the task of sorting and barrelling them.

'Sort them in to two grades,' said one of his employers, 'and put some of the best ones into a barrel first, then some of the poor ones, and fill the barrel with good apples.'

Bernard thought this a strange thing to do, as some of the poor ones were already beginning to rot, and would soon ruin the others. He was still more surprised when his employer marked the barrels as number one apples.

'Do you think that is honest, sir?' asked Bernard.

'Not exactly,' was the answer, 'but we don't pay much attention to such things, and besides, it is the only way we can dispose of these poor apples so as to make anything on them. I tell you a man has to be pretty sharp in these days of keen competition if he expects to make money.' Bernard said no more, but he did a great deal of thinking. 'I wonder if all business men are that way,' he said to himself. 'Can it be that Mr. Moore intends to sell all those apples as first-class, and still attend church and claim to be a true follower of Christ?' To Bernard it looked as if this so-called 'sharpness' was nothing but downright roguery and very dishonest. He could not believe that such an act was necessary to succeed in business.

In a few days the apples were all barrelled and placed on the market. The next week an old gentleman called at the office and asked if the firm had any apples to sell. On receiving an affirmative reply he asked to see them.

'Take this gentleman to the storeroom,' said Mr. Moore to Bernard, 'and show him the apples. Open any barrel he wishes to see, and either end of the barrel.'

Bernard led the way to the store-room, and opened as many barrels as the prospective purchaser wished to examine. After looking them over carefully he turned to Bernard and said:

'These are very nice apples. Did you help barrel them?'

'Yes, sir,' said Bernard.

'Will you tell me, then, if they are the same throughout the barrel as they appear at the ends.'

Bernard now found himself in a perplexing position. He had been expecting for several months that his employers would advance him in position and salary, and doubtless they had taken this opportunity to test his ability as a salesman. On the one hand was the prospect of a better position and higher wages, and Bernard felt that he needed money worse than ever just then, as winter was approaching.

'Say "yes," urged the voice of the evil tempter, 'and if the apples are sold, probably your promotion will come at once.'

'But it is a lie,' replied the voice of conscience, 'and you, a professed follower of the Master, cannot afford, above all things, to tell it.'

'No one will ever know it,' was the answer, 'and you know you need more money to buy winter clothes and some school books for little Bessie.'

'God will know it, and, besides, what would your dear old mother and kind-hearted pastor think if he knew it? And do you not suppose that your sweet little sister would rather go without new clothes than to wear those provided by such means?'

The old gentleman was now gazing at him in a way that showed he was surprised at his delay in answering the question.

Ashamed that he had ever hesitated, Bernard at once decided to tell the truth, let the result be what it would.

'No, sir,' he replied, 'they are not.'

'Then I do not want them,' answered the gentleman as he left the warehouse.

When Bernard re-entered the office the first question asked him was: 'Did you make a sale?'

'No, sir.'

'Why not?'

In as few words as possible, Bernard related the entire circumstances, and when he had finished, his employer said angrily: 'your foolish notions of honesty have lost us a sale, sir. I expected more business sense than that from you. Go to the cashier and get the wages due you. We need your services no longer.'

Bernard received his pay and left the office, rejoicing that he had stood firm for his principles, and had not sullied his lips with a lie to benefit himself or to gratify the avarice of his employer. 'And yet he would be very indignant if any one should impute to him that he was not honest in his business dealings,' thought Bernard to himself.

'What brings you home so soon Bernard?' asked his mother when he entered the house.

'I have been discharged.'

'What for? I hope you did not grow careless about your duties, my son. There are so many out of employment now, that I am afraid you will find it a difficult matter to obtain another position.'

Bernard then told her the cause of his dismissal, to which she replied in warm-hearted words: 'You did right, my son. I would rather see you preserve your integrity and be a poor laborer all your life, than to see you prosperous through lying and deceit, for riches obtained that way could not be but a curse and a means of great dishonor in the end.'

The next day Bernard began his search for another position. He now fully realized the truth of his mother's prediction about obtaining employment. It seemed as though nearly every man he met was searching for employment. Wherever he applied, almost the first question asked him was if he had a recommendation from his former employer. On replying in the negative, he was always politely but coldly informed that his services were not required. The rebuff did not hurt him so much as the manner in which it was done, seeming to imply that it was thought that his former employer did not think him worthy of the favor. Ofttimes he became despondent and utterly disheartened at his lack of success, and only the kind encouragement and loving faith in his mother, in whom he had the greatest confidence, sustained his drooping spirits.

One cold, stormy afternoon in late December, he returned to the little home more tired and discouraged than usual, to find a letter awaiting him. On opening it, Bernard found that it was from a Mr. Prentiss, the largest produce dealer in the city, with whose name he was familiar. Mr. Prentiss requested him to call at his office on the morrow.

'I do not remember of ever having met him,' was Bernard's comment. 'I wonder what he wants, but to-morrow will tell.'

Promptly at the appointed hour Bernard applied at Mr. Prentiss's office and was granted admittance.

'So this is Mr. Bates, is it?' asked Mr. Prentiss in a genial voice, as he rose from his chair and came forward to greet Bernard.

'Yes, sir,' replied the young man, at the same time noting that Mr. Prentiss's face appeared familiar, yet unable to remember where he had seen it before.

'Don't you remember me?'

'Pardon me, sir, but I do not,' replied Bernard.

'Sit down,' said Mr. Prentiss, motioning him to a chair. 'Don't you remember the man who did not wish to purchase unsound apples?'

Then it was that Bernard recalled the scene in Moore & Dawson's warehouse, and he replied: 'Yes, sir, I remember you now quite well.'

'Doubtless you have occasion to,' answered Mr. Prentiss, 'as I learned a few days ago that you lost your position through a too strict regard for the truth about the apples.'

Then Mr. Prentiss explained why he had requested him to call, and after a short conversation Bernard left the office with a light heart and exultant feeling.

'What do you think, mother!' was his exclamation as he entered the house on his return. 'Mr. Prentiss is the same man to whom I showed those apples at Moore & Dawson's'. Then Bernard related that Mr. Prentiss's foreman had died, and in looking about for another, Mr. Prentiss remembered the young man who had the manliness to tell him the truth about the apples. 'He said that he thought such a person would be desirable to fill the vacant position,' continued Bernard, 'and he went to my old employers and learned that I had been discharged. He obtained my address and wrote me the letter, and now I am engaged for a year at least, at a good salary. Besides I will have an excellent chance of advancement, as Mr. Prentiss does the largest business in his line of anyone in the city.'

'Let us thank God for his goodness and mercy,' was Mrs. Bernard's devout reply, 'and, my son, always remember that he never deserts his own in times of distress and trouble.'

Bernard remained in Mr. Prentiss's employ until he accumulated sufficient capital to embark in business for himself, in which he was eminently successful. In a long business career, during which he held many positions of trust and responsibility, he always maintained that honesty and truthfulness were strictly necessary to obtain success in any calling.

Amen.

So let it be! The prayer that Christ enjoins
Live ever in our soul and on our tongue!
So let it be! The worship He assigns,—
Our great Creator—with thanksgiving song,
From hearths, in temples, yea, wild woods among,
Pour forth! So let it be! As drooping vines
Drink the reviving shower, so sink along
Our hearts His precepts! Lo, one word enshrines
Full attestation of our faith! 'Amen'
Includes the sum of our assent, and bears
The seal of truth: it is the wing of prayers
Speeding the voice of millions, not in vain.
To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs.
To ratify in Heaven our glorious gain!

—Aubrey de Vere.

Dolly Deane's Effort.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

'I met Rodney Willis on the street yesterday,' said Dr. Deane one morning at the breakfast table. 'I haven't seen him to speak to him before for weeks, and I was struck with the change in him. He had the making of a fine fellow, but unless he turns a sharp corner before long he will make a wreck of himself.'

'I am afraid so,' answered Mrs. Deane, sadly. 'It would have broken his mother's heart I do believe.'

Dolly Deane listened gravely to the conversation. The Willis's were life-long neighbors, and Rodney, having no sisters, had made a pet of her in her younger days He had seemed so manly and true to her that it made her heart ache to hear him criticized so severely and not be able to say a word in his defence. Only a short time before Dolly had given her heart to the Saviour and was trying faithfully to serve him. From the first she had thought of Rodney very often, and now, as she listened to her father and mother, she wondered anxiously if there was not some way that she could help him.

'I do pray for him every day,' she said to her mother as they talked it over after papa had gone. 'I do pray for him, but I wish there was something I could do to influence him.'

'Ask God to show you if there is any way you can help him, and be ready to do whatever it is,' answered Mrs. Deane.

But though Dolly prayed very earnestly she did not seem to get any light, and she was getting discouraged.

'It seems to me,' said her mother one day, 'that your best way is to tell him how you feel, if you have a chance.'

'O mamma!' cried Dolly, in dismay, 'I couldn't do that. Why he would make all manner of fun of me, and it wouldn't do a bit of good either, for he never would pay attention to anything I could say.'

'You do not know whether he would or not, and if it was anything else you had become interested in you would surely tell him. Will he have much faith in the sincerity of your wishes if you cannot speak of them?' answered mamma, gravely.

'Do you remember how Christ told the man from whom he had cast out the unclean spirit, "Go home and tell thy friends what great things God hath done for thee." Isn't it your duty to go and do likewise?'

'I couldn't, mamma, truly I couldn't,' was all Dolly would say, but she carried a troubled conscience about with her the next few days. One afternoon, when she came in from school, she found Rodney there to her surprise. He had come in on an errand, and Mrs. Deane had asked him to stay to tea. In the old days, especially after his mother's death, he had been a frequent visitor, but it was some time now since he had even been in to call.

And now, as Dolly caught sight of him there in the parlor, she knew in her heart of hearts that this was her opportunity; she felt he was there in answer to her prayer. She ran softly up stairs to her room and sat down to think. What should she do? Could she, if the chance should be given her, and she felt sure it would be, could she tell this friend what great things Christ had done for her, and beg him to let him do the same for him? Dared she refuse? But it seemed so hard! 'Do please, dear Jesus,' she prayed earnestly, 'do please let me help him, and if there isn't any other way, do give me courage to speak, and tell me what to say.' Over and over again her whole heart went out in this cry for help.

'Help me not to mind if he does laugh, and tell me what to say,' she was praying even on her way down stairs.

Mamma was mending Rodney's glove for him, and telling a funny story she had just read.

'Well, little sister,' he said, as Dolly came in, 'do you sit up o' nights to grow? It makes me feel ancient to see you blossoming out so fast into young ladyhood, for I certainly used to wheel you around in your baby carriage. I remember I fought Pete McCarty for calling me your nurse girl, Mrs. Deane, and asking me how much I got a month.'

So they laughed and chatted and told stories of old days until, just before tea, mamma was called out of the room.

Then Dolly knew that her opportunity had come; her heart gave a great bound, and for a minute or two she could not speak.

'But I just must,' she said to herself. 'I've prayed and prayed, and now God has given me this opportunity. Perhaps I may not have another. He will help me and tell me what to say. I know he will.'

'Well, Dollikins,' said Rodney laughingly, 'where's your tongue? It used to be hung in the middle, and run at both ends. What has happened to it?'

'Nothing,' answered Dolly, 'only Rodney, I was thinking just what to say. You see there's something I want to say very much, but I don't quite know how. I've given my heart to Jesus, and I love him best of anybody. I do want you to love him, too. You can't think how much I want it, Rodney, I'm praying for it all the time.' That was all Dolly could say, and her eyes filled with tears as she waited with fear and trembling for the ridicule she was so sure would come. Rodney did not laugh, or even speak, for a minute or two, then he said very gravely for him: 'Thank you, Dolly, but I'm afraid it won't do any good. I'm rather a bad sort of fellow, you see.'

'Oh, but God will help you if you will only let him, Rodney. I know he will,' said Dolly, eagerly.

Dr. Deane came in just then and tea was ready. Rodney spent the evening and promised, when he went away, to come again, soon.

But it was over two weeks before they saw him, and Dolly's faith almost failed her more than once. One night as she sat by the window thinking of him, she saw him coming up the walk.

She ran to let him in. 'You're just the one I came to see, Dolly,' and this time it was Rodney whose voice was husky and uncertain.

'I can't get away from what you said. I've tried my best to forget, but it's no use. You know my mother—told me—to meet her up there, and I've been going all wrong lately. But, if God will only help me, I will do better hereafter.'

'Oh, mamma,' said Dolly, after he had gone, 'you can't think how thankful I am! I do believe it was because we were praying all the time that he couldn't forget, don't you? But I almost missed being the one to help a little, for it seemed to me I could not say anything to him. Just think how dreadful it would have been to have lost such a beautiful chance! I'll try to remember it always.'—'Intelligencer.'

'I S'all S'eep Wiv Him To-night!'

Sometimes I believe that the little ones say the best things, after all. I knew a family in Detroit who were heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their lives went out with the red winter sun only the other night. The father is a railway man, whose duties called him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife, apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of his little four-year-old, and the despatches usually ran as follows: 'Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night.' The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the 'teledraf' a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work, and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed, and said, 'Don't ky, mamma; I s'all s'eep wiv Dod, 'oo know. Send Dod a teledraf, and tell him I s'all s'eep wiv him to-night.' But the message went straight up there without the ticking of wires or the rustle of wings. —American Paper.

The Dead Fisherman.

(Theodore Roberts, Newfoundland, 1899, in 'University Monthly.')

He knew God's wonders! Now let him rest
With the toil-worn hands on the fearless breast,
The fish come into the silver bays,
And the red sun goes to the west.

But never again with the wind and the tide,
Will he swing out from the harbor-side—
Never again will he see the boats,
And the 'flakes' where the fish are dried.

He knew God's wonders—the fog and the wind,
And the clear, clear sun with the smoke behind,
And the loud-mouthed billows that chase the fleets
And the little winds that are kind.

In grief and hunger he tacked and veered;
Famine and greed were the things he feared;
But now he craves nor food nor drink
Since the last black cape is cleared.

Bread, nor drink, nor love, nor ease
Trouble him now, though the summer seas
Lift, to look at his still, dark face,
And offer him all of these.

The gulls swerve over the laughing bay
Where he and his skiff sailed yesterday,
And down where his lobster-traps are piled
The green tide has its way.

When the wind blows south, and the ice drifts in,
And the 'tickle' is mad with the crashing din,
Right well he'll know, though his hands are crossed,
How the spray flies white and thin.

When the sea-smoke hides the floor of the sea,
And the blind tides moan, and the white murres flee.
He'll feel some twinge of the lost wind's pain
And the strayed ship's misery.

To-night they will bury him under the sod
Where the stone cross stands and the larches nod;
But they cannot hide from the eye of his soul
The wonders he knew of God.

Beach, and headland and bluff will rise
Each dawn, to gladden his quiet eyes,
The wonders he loved will be shown to him—
White bergs and the hollow skies,

The purple cliff and the flocking gulls,
The filling sails and the leaning hulls
Will paint his dreams—but naught of toil
Will come with the wind that lulls.

LITTLE FOLKS

His Good Shot.

Once, so the story goes, there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone, or a sling, or a bow, or an air-gun, or anything he took aim with. He was very proud of his skill, too, and he went about all day aiming at everything he came near. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or anything he chanced to see.

Near where he dwelt there lived a little bird that had a nest of five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads always open wide for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms and flies and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. Every three or four minutes she came flying back to the nest with something in her bill for one of her little nestlings. It was a great wonder what a quantity of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight next morning.

Though it was such hard work she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back with some kind of food; and though she did not eat much herself, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want, not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not chirp as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm and perched a minute on the wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and, of course, aimed at her and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken.

She chirped a little, and her young ones heard her, and as they were hungry they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of all; but she could not come up to them, nor even tell them why she could not come. And when she heard the call of the small one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing.

All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered, only when the good marksman chanced to pass by then she kept still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them.

Some time in the night the mother bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest where her young ones were dying of hunger. But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again.

SHE CAME FLYING BACK TO THE NEST WITH SOMETHING IN HER BILL.

And the next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest, and in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow bill to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died too at last, with his mouth wide open and empty.

And so the good marksman had killed six birds with one shot—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy?—'Silver Link.'

Kathie's Brave Defence.

(Mary L. Wyatt, in 'Union Signal.')

It was in one of the newly laid out towns of Wisconsin that the Slocums lived. The main street on which their house stood was a broad one, and the house lots on either side were quite large and were not fenced in.

The centre of the town where the school house, stores and railway station were grouped, was a quarter of a mile north of Mr. Slocum's house. There was one church, which boasted of a clock, and this clock, whose tones could be heard a long distance, was the pride of the town.

It was early in September, and the day was warm.

Mr. Slocum harnessed Lightfoot, the colt, as he had been called for ten years, and brought the carriage to the door. 'Come, mother,' he called to Mrs. Slocum, 'we'd better be starting.'

Mrs. Slocum came from the kitchen, where she had been giving Kathie, her twelve-year-old daughter, some instructions.

'I'm all ready,' she said. 'Goodbye, Kathie, have the children's dinner ready for them, won't you. They are always so hungry when they get home from school.'

'All right, I will,' said Kathie, as her father and mother rode away to attend the funeral of an aunt in another town.

Kathie heard the town clock stiking eleven as they rode away. She soon had everything ready for the children's dinner, and seated herself near the south window. This was her favorite window, for here she could look across the broad fields and far up the wide street. She liked to look out, too, and watch the chickens and doves and kittens in their own dooryard. There were six beehives back of the large woodpile, and Kathie loved to watch the bees flying in and out of the hive.

All was so pleasant and peaceful that it seemed to her young mind that no place on earth could be more beautiful. There had been no frost yet that season, and the bright geraniums and other flowers were still in bloom. Kathie gave a sigh of contentment and let her book drop into her lap while she looked on the beautiful scene out of doors.

The large clock in the corner of the room ticked solemnly, and that, with the buzzing of a fly, were all the sounds to be heard within the house.

Kathie had been ill, and so when the schools opened after the vaca-

tion she was not strong enough to attend, but as she grew stronger every day, she began to take up her studies again at home. She took her book and tried to study, but it was not easy to fix her attention on the lesson.

Suddenly she noticed a great cloud of dust far off up the street, and some moving objects in the road. Then she remembered it was 'cattle day.' It was the custom, at that time, to drive large herds of cattle through the town to some other town beyond, and this street was often used.

On came the great drove of horns and hoofs. The drivers were behind, chasing some cattle that had turned into a narrow lane. Kathie could hear the men shouting as they drove them back to the main street.

The drove was uneasy. A huge ox led the way. When they were within a few feet of the boundary of her yard, a sudden thought came into Kathie's mind. Supposing that leader should turn in here ; all the rest would follow surely. She watched a moment ; the great animal turned slowly into the yard, which had no fence along the front.

Then she remembered her mother's oft repeated caution not to let the children go near the beehives. She started up hastily. 'The bees, the bees,' she said to herself, 'if all those cattle crowd into this yard they will get near the bees or tip over the hives. The bees will fly out and sting them, then, oh, dear!'

She could imagine the infuriated creatures tearing through the town and no one would be safe. She glanced at the clock as she rose. It was ten minutes before twelve, and the children would soon be out of school and on the street.

All these thoughts passed through her mind in a flash as she dropped her book on the floor and rushed out of the side door. She had no plan formed in her mind. Her only thought was to keep the animals from coming near the bees. As she ran out into the yard, she could hear the tramp of the great hoofs and the heavy breathing of the great animals behind her. The hens hurried away cackling and the doves flew to the roof of the barn.

Kathie climbed up on to the woodpile, and, untying her apron, waved it as hard as she could in the face of the great horned creature who stopped to look up at her. The other animals crowded behind so fast that a terrible thought came into her mind. The feet of the foremost oxen were on the loose sticks of wood at the foot of the pile. 'Is it safe ? It might fall down and the cattle rush over me,' she thought.

But these thought only came into her mind and went right out again, for she was too intent on turning the leading ox to the left and away from the hives to think of her own danger. There she stood, confronted by this great sea of horns, with a good purpose in her mind, but with no one to help her. Her apron seemed no longer to have any effect on the animal.

The town clock struck twelve ; school was out. The great head turned to the right, in the direction of the beehives, and all hope seemed lost. 'The bees will sting you; you shall not go that way,' she said aloud, at the same time lifting a large stick of wood from the top of the pile. It was clumsy and heavy and Kathie was not very strong, but with all her strength she gave the ox a blow on the right side of his head, which turned him slowly but surely to the left, and the rest followed their leader in the direction away from the hives.

At that moment the drivers arrived and, running around the herd, with cracking whips, drove them out to the highway again.

'What yer ben doin' up there, sissy ?' asked one of the men of Kathie. 'Ben preachin' to a congregation ?'

'No, I was only keeping the cows from getting stung by the bees,' she replied.

'Whew, you're a plucky one,' said the man, who had not before noticed the beehives. 'I guess if them bees had stung the critters there wouldn't nobody in these diggins hev ben safe. We should all hev hed to fly to shelter. You've saved the town, sis, and good luck to yer,' he said, as he strode away to catch up with the other men.

Kathie got down from the woodpile and made her way slowly to the house. Her strength was all gone, and she threw herself down on to the lounge. She grew dizzy and faint. Everywhere she seemed to see great eyes staring at her and great horns pointing at her. Soon the children came in from school, and this roused her. Dorothy brought her a glass of milk and the faintness soon passed away.

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum stopped at the store on their way home in the afternoon, and were told of Kathie's brave actions, for the drover had told several people the story of the 'plucky' girl, who made such a brave fight to save the people and town from disaster.

For many months Kathie was spoken of as a little heroine, and a bright golden medal in a satin-lined case ever afterward reminded her of the gratitude of her friends and neighbors.

Franky's Lessons.

One day Franky's lessons seemed hard, and he did not wish to do them. The sun was shining very brightly out of doors, and the grass was full of daisies. Franky did not even try to learn to read and write and count—he was only six years old—but he looked out of the window instead.

So his governess had to tell mother that she had a naughty little boy to teach.

'Franky, dear, did you try to do your reading ?' asked mother.

Franky began to look sorry, then said, 'No, mother.'

'Was that right, Franky ?' Mother knew her little boy wished to do what was right.

'No, mother.'

Next day, when lessons were over, Franky threw his arms round his mother's neck, saying, 'I did want to be a good boy, and when I was going to begin my lessons, I asked God to make me good and help me, and then, mother dear, they seemed quite easy.'

You and I will find out, too, that when we ask God He will help us to be good, and to try hard, instead of looking out of the window.—'Our Little Dots.'

A Miracle.

(E. L. Sabin, in 'Outlook.')

One eve the west was golden red,
And just before I went to bed
I planned to rise with early light
And travel all the day till night ;
And where the sun had set I'd find
What pretty wonders lay behind !

But when I woke, and looked to see
How far by day the west might be,
I found I'd reached it, for, alack !
The sun was now behind my back—
Yet sky and trees and grass, some way,
Were quite the same as every day !

LESSON IV.—JULY 22.

Peter's Confession and Christ's Rebuke.

Matt. xvi., 13-26. Memory verses, 24-26. Read Mark vii., 31 to viii., 30.

Daily Readings.

M. Parallel.—Mark viii., 27-38.
T. The Christ.—John vi., 60-69.
W. The Cross.—I. Cor. i., 17-31.
T. The Church.—Eph. ii., 1-22.
F. Foundation.—I. Cor. iii., 1-15.
S. Building.—Matt., vii., 21-29.

Golden Text.

'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.'—Matt., xvi., 24.

Lesson Text.

(13) When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea-Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? (14) And they said; Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some say Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets. (15) And he said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? , (16) And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. (17) And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. (18) And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, (19) And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. (20) Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ. (21) From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day, (22) Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee. (23) But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men. (24) Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. (25) For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. (26) For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Suggestions.

The Lord Jesus asked his disciples one day what the people were saying of him and who they thought him to be. The disciples answered that some thought him to be John the Baptist risen from the dead, (Mark vi., 14-16), and that some thought him to be Elijah, Jeremiah, or one of the other prophets.

Then Jesus asked what they themselves said of him, and Peter answered with solemn conviction, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God—the long expected Messiah, the author of eternal life. Our Lord was pleased with Peter's hearty avowal of belief, and blessed him for his open heart and sincere mind and for his ready acceptance of the truth which God revealed to him. Happy are those who, like Simon son of Jonah, put aside the opinions and conjectures of men and open their hearts to the voice of God, who can reveal himself only to those who will hearken and believe. Such souls may become so filled with the strength of God's truth as to be like rocks in character, strong, steady, immovable, from the place of duty. Jesus looking upon Peter saw the infinite possibilities of that impulsive nature; the name Peter means a rock, but it was the belief which Peter held which was to be the rock foundation of the Church. Only that church which is founded on absolute trust in Jesus as the Son of the living God and only Saviour of mankind, can stand: Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the powers of evil shall not be able to overthrow it.

'I will give unto thee. As one of the chiefest of the apostles, the first among equals. The others were included, as Peter had nothing in kind that the rest did not have (Matt. xviii., 18: John xx., 23). In Rev. xxi., 14 the twelve apostles are twelve foundation stones of the heavenly city. (See also Eph. ii., 20). The keys of the kingdom of heaven. The keys are the means by which one enters a house, a city, or a treasury. The kingdom of heaven, not the abode of the blest; but the kingdom of God on earth, is represented under the figure of a city with gates, or of a large house with gates for entrance, and doors of treasure rooms.

Peter and the other apostles were the instruments through which the world was to be brought into the kingdom. For instance, on the day of Pentecost through Peter's preaching three thousand persons entered the kingdom in one day, And through the testimony of the apostles, their work, and the Scriptures they wrote, all that have become Christians have come into the kingdom.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

When his disciples had declared their belief in him, the Lord Jesus began to teach them more about himself and how he must give his life for the salvation of the world. But Peter could not bear the thought of the Saviour's suffering, and he who a short time before was so open to the voice of God, now closed his heart to that voice and allowed himself to become the mouthpiece of the tempter. There is a strong lesson for us in this story of Peter's sudden fall. Perhaps he had allowed himself to feel proud of having confessed Christ, and of the commendation he had then received. Pride if allowed into the heart quickly shuts the door to keep out the voice of God. No man can be proud in God's presence. Pride is one of the devil's most potent wedges, where it gets in, he can follow.

Peter thought he knew better than Christ, he wanted him to choose an easy path and to consider himself instead of others. If our Lord had taken the advice of Peter the world could never have been saved. It was a temptation from the devil who does not want one soul to be saved. The Lord Jesus rebuked the devil who spoke through Peter, and showed how those who wished to follow him sincerely must be ready to deny themselves and turn aside from earthly pleasures to seek the higher and lasting joy of fellowship with him who bore the cruel cross for us. The disciple of Jesus Christ must be ready to give up everything, even life if need be, for the Saviour's sake. But as eternal life is to the life that is laid down, so is every joy that Jesus gives immeasurably greater than the pleasure that must be given up.

Rock Christians.

'It is significant that the one thing which Christ first looked for in the men on whose shoulders he wished to roll the world was something which he designated as rock. As soon as a man whose temperament had in it ingredients capable of being fused into granite came under his eye, he gave him a new name, 'Rock.' Later on when the tides of the world were flowing away from Jesus, this man with the new name stood erect and declared that notwithstanding all learned men were saying one thing, and all the people another, he was still convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, the Son of the living God. It was then that the Lord declared he would build his Church on rock. It is the only rock which can withstand the assaults of the empire of death. Our cities are crying for rock Christians. Of gentle Christians, and affable Christians, and kind-hearted Christians we have abundance. Christians should stand like rock amid the seas which surge and roar. Like rock they should stand around the Lord's day, beating back the social and industrial forces which are rolling in like a flood. Nothing but rock will save New York and Chicago, Boston and San Francisco from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.'—Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.

Questions.

Who did the people think Jesus to be?
Who did his disciples know him to be?
What did he teach them about his death?
What bad advice did Peter give?
How long is this life in comparison with eternity?
Is it worth while giving up joys there for the sake of selfish pleasure in this life?
What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?
Could a man buy any extra years of life?
How should life be used?

C. E. Topic.

July 22.—The needy at our door.—Luke xvi., 19-31.

Junior C. E Topic.

HELPING THE POOR.

M. July 16.—Sympathize with them.—Prov. xxxi., 9.
T. July 17.—Help them to help themselves.—Mark x., 46, 52.
W. July 18.—Brighten their lives.—Mark xiv., 7.
T. July 19.—Be willing to be criticised.—Matt., xi., 19.
F. July 29.—Remember Christ's way is ours.—I. John ii., 6.
S. July 21.—Give the poor the gospel.—Luke iv., 18.
Sun. July 22.—Topic—What should we do for the poor? Luke xvi., 19-26.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIX. — WASTEFULNESS CAUSED BY THE USE OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

1. Q.—What are the chief necessaries of life?

A.—Food, drink, clothes, a home, care and instruction when we are young, and medicine when we are sick.

2. Q.—How do we get these things?

A.—While young our parents furnish them for us. When old enough we supply them for ourselves and our families.

3. Q.—Must these necessaries be bought with money?

A.—Yes; and most men have to work for it. Some work for wages, and some carry on a business for themselves, and make money in that way.

4. Q.—Can a workingman afford to spend any money for liquor or tobacco?

A.—No. If he drinks or uses tobacco at all, he must take the money that ought to buy food and clothing for his wife and children, or pay the rent of a good house, and for coal and wood to keep it warm.

5. Q.—Can you give an idea of how much it costs a drinking man for liquor?

A.—If he drinks only one drink of whiskey a day it will cost him $36.50 a year.

Two drinks a day will cost him $73 a year, enough to hire a pretty good home, or get three persons pretty good clothes for a year.

Three drinks a day will cost $109.50.

Four drinks a day, $146.

Five drinks a day, $182.50.

Six drinks a day will amount to $219, or enough to hire a good home, and clothe three persons for a year quite comfortably.

6. Q.—Does money spent for drink do any good?

A.—No; it is worse than wasted, for it does harm.

7. Q.—Are there many who waste as much as $219 every year for drink.

A.—There are probably nearly two millions of men, heads of families, in the United States, who have to work for a living, who spend more than $219 a year for drink.

8. Q.—How much money is wasted yearly for liquor in the United States?

A.—Nearly $900,000,000, (nine hundred million dollars).

9. Q.—How does this compare with what is expended for the necessaries of life?

A.—It is more than is spent for bread

and meat together, It is more than is spent for clothing, or rent, or fuel.

10. Q.—Is this all the money wasted in the United States on account of alcoholic drinks?

A.—It is not, because the sale of alcoholic liquors doubles all the taxes.

(To be Continued.)

Drunkard's Change.

The following 'news item,' printed by the New York 'Sun,' is by itself a pretty good temperance lecture. We copy it verbatim:

A carriage containing four well-dressed men in four stages of intoxication stopped in Union street, near Seventh avenue, Brooklyn, at about three o'clock yesterday afternoon. On the curb stood a wheelman bargaining with a pedler for fruit. He bought ten cents' worth of bananas, and offered in payment a two-dollar bill, which the pedler could not change.

The wheelman asked the men in the carriage if they could change it. The least responsible one of the four at once drew a handful of paper money from his pocket, handed two one-hundred-dollar bills to the wheelman, stuffed the two-dollar bill into his pocket with the rest of his money, and called to the driver to go ahead.

In a moment the carriage was rolling down the street. The wheelman stood gazing in frozen wonder at the two hundred dollars in his hands. Then he fumbled the bills as if to restore his mind to working order, jumped on his wheel, and spun after the carriage.

He caught it at the corner of Sixth avenue, returned the two hundred dollars with some difficulty, as the party of four semed slow to comprehend the situation, and got back his two dollars. The only loser in the transaction was the pedler. In his agitation the wheelman forgot all about the bananas.

The Cigarette Must Go.

An investigation has lately been made into the question of the number of cigarettes annually smoked in the United States, and an enthusiastic statistician has discovered that ten years after the smoke of the first cigarette was blown from the lips of the pioneer of American cigarette smokers, the annual consumption amounted to 1,000,000. This was about the year 1874. It reached the billion mark in 1884, and five years later it was 2,000,000,000, and in 1893 it was 3,000,000,000 annually. A comparison of these figures and periods of progression in the habit will give some idea of the rapidity with which it spread. For instance, while it took a period of five years, from 1884 to 1889, for the consumption to increase from one billion to two billions, it required only four years to add another billion to the statistics. In 1894 and 1895 the figures made another big jump, and in 1896, the latest year for which statistics are available, the number of cigarettes of all kinds, foreign and home made, said to have been sold in the country, approximated the enormous amount of 4,000,000,000. Placed end on end these four billion cigarettes would almost encircle the earth, and what is of far more importance, if the money thus annually expanded were turned into charitable channels, it would put a pair of shoes on every child in the country, and purchase the necessaries of life for 100,000 families!—'Union Signal.'

Anti-Alcoholic Agents.

There have been many so-called remedies for the alcoholic habit introduced, but little or no good has resulted from them. They have, in most cases, proved very costly to the patients who have submitted themselves, and the cases of positive cure have been rare indeed. Quite recently, Dr. Sappelier and Dr. Thebault announced to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, that anti-alcoholic serum is an accomplished fact. Their experiments had proved efficacious, and they now asked for a committee to examine the practical results of their researches in producing invincible disgust, not only for spirituous liquors, but for wine and other beverages containing a lesser proportion of alcohol. If this discovery should prove to possess the qualities claimed for it, undoubtedly a great reformation of drunkards will occur. On the other hand, how much better it is for men and women to avoid falling into the alcoholic habit and then trusting to some such remedy to cure them. The principles of total abstinence surely afford a better safeguard than any anti-alcoholic serum.—'Alliance News.'

A Small Boy's Mission.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in 'Waif.')

Small as I am, I've a mission below—
A mission that widens and grows as I grow—
'Tis to let alone cider and brandy and gin;
'Tis to keep well away from these potions of sin.

'Tis to make myself noble and manly and *true;*
'Tis to touch no tobacco, not smoke and not chew
That unhealthy weed that true women detest.
And all people know is a filthy old pest.

'Tis to say unto all what I say unto you,
Let these things alone if you would be true;
They are foes to all virtue, and lead to all shame;
Shun drink and tobacco, and keep your good name.

Cold water that comes from the well is my drink,
The healthiest, purest, and sweetest, I think;
It never makes drunkards, it never brings woe—
I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.

Correspondence

Boyle School District, Man.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger.' We get it at Sunday-school. Our Sunday-school is held in the school-house; it is a union. We have between thirty and forty attending very regularly. We subscribed a sum of money for the Indian famine fund, and forwarded it to the 'Messenger' office. I hope you received it. On Wednesday evenings we have prayer-meeting, and Epworth League; it also is well attended. I have given my heart to Jesus and I hope many other boys and girls know they are saved. SADIE Mc. (Aged 12.)

Arnprior, May 12, 1900.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:—

Gentlemen,—I wish to thank you for the blouse set sent me for 'Northern Messenger' subscribers. It is a beautiful premium for very little trouble.

Yours, very sincerely,
MARGARET MALLOCH.

[The lady acknowledging receipt of premium remitted seven new subscribers for 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each. The offer is still open, and any young lady can become the owner of a handsome blouse set free in the same way. Sample copies of 'Northern Messenger' supplied free on application.]

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on the top flat of the Confederation Life Building. We moved here about two years ago and like it very much. I have a sister and a brother. Their names are Birdie and Gordon. I like your paper very much and I think it is very kind of you to give the little folks so much room in your paper. I also like the correspondence very much.

INA M. J. (Aged 9.)

Stirlingville, Mich.

Dear Editor,—My teacher's name is Miss Glover. We all like her very much. We have two churches and a store and a post-office. My grandma lives with us. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for five years, and we like it very much. My little brother was very sick this winter.

MAGGIE KELLY (aged 12).

Dear Editor,—Papa took the 'Messenger' twenty-five years ago, but I never took it till this year. We have two horses; one is named Prince and the other is named Bill. FRED (aged 12).

Welburn, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no pets except a doll. I broke its head, but mamma got a new one, and now it is as good as ever. I go to Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger.' MAUDIE G. (aged 8).

Lower Economy.

Dear Editor,—Mamma took the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, and now my brother takes it. I like to read the correspondence, but I like to read the stories the best. I have a sister and a brother. I live on a farm, just a few steps from school. I like to go to Sunday-school and day school very much. We live right near Minas Basin. We go bathing in the summer, and I am learning to skate.

BESSIE M. M. (aged 10).

Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Dear Editor,—As I saw in the 'Northern Messenger' you wanted boys and girls to learn the verses and find them in the Bible I thought I would send my name to the Honor Roll of Bible Searchers, as I think it is a very good way for us to study the Bible. TENA E. WILSON.

Florida.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. A new town has been started about two miles from here named Florahorne. We have orange, peach and plum trees. The new settlers are coming in every day. GEORGE McRAE (aged 9).

The Manse, Loch Lomond, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for some years. I like it better than any other paper, especially the children's correspondence. I would like if Olive C., from Aylmer, Ont., would write aagin and tell me what places she visited in Scotland, as I was there last summer with my mother and sister. I came home the first of the winter, and got a rough passage, but I was not sick either coming or going. My sister is still in Edinburgh. JANE C. M.

McLean Station, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I live in the North-West Territories. I go to Sunday-school, where I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much, especially the Little Folks' Page. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mr. A. Stewart. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from Victoria Harbor. I have some cousins living there. I belong to the Christian Endeavor Society. MARY C. (aged 14).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Band of Hope, and last year got a prize. It was a book named 'The King's Daughter.' I have two sisters and one brother. MATTIE R.

Springhill.

Dear Editor,—Father has a farm seven miles from here, and our family and some friends go there every summer, and have a picnic. Last summer we took our hammock out, and hung it up on trees in a grove. We made a fire outdoors, and had a real dinner. I lent my 'Messengers' to a lady invalid, who said she used to get the paper when she was a little girl, and didn't know it was published now. I should think she would be pleased to get them.

AGNES E. R. (aged 13).

Mount View, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' nearly two years, and like it very much. I like to read the Little Folks' Page. I have two little sisters, Leta and Grace. WINNIE B. (aged 10).

Manner Sutton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers, but no sisters. One of my brothers has a wheel. My brother had a tame fox once. He would play with us like a little pup, but he broke away and got caught in a snare.

M. E. PEARL (aged 8).

Kelley's Cove.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is March 28. My brother has got a wheel, and I can ride it. I live next to the post-office, and the postmistress was sick, and I went in every day and read to her, sometimes out of the 'Messenger.' I live over a mile from church. Our minister's name is Mr. Johnstone. I have only one pet, a tortoise-shell cat, named Tabby. She is eight years old, and she can open a door.

ANNIE ALLEN (aged 13).

HOUSEHOLD.

Roast Forequarter of Lamb and Mutton.

'What can we do with the forequarter of lamb?' writes Mrs. P. of Troy. 'We find it cheaper to buy a side of lamb, and after it is too old to be called "spring lamb," it is not good broiled or baked, and we soon tire of lamb stew. We prefer to use the loin and ribs as far as the shoulder blade, for chops, and to roast or boil the leg, but the shoulder and neck we find it hard to utilize in any appetizing way, except for Scotch broth.'

Recently at a friend's house where I have visited since childhood, and always find the same delicious familiar flavor in the food eaten there, we had for dinner one day a roast shoulder of lamb prepared as I learned to do it years before I began teaching. It was so tender and delicious and yet such a simple, inexpensive dish, that I will tell you about it, and perhaps this will help you out of your dilemma. I often find these old fashioned dishes have a flavor more enjoyable than those with fancy names and disguised with a variety of sauces or confiments.

Remove the shoulder blade, back and leg bones, any fine crumbs of bone or stringy membranes. Wipe with a wet cloth and rub slightly with salt. Roll or fold into shape and tie securely. Put it into boiling salted water to cover, remove the scum as soon as the water boils again, then turn the meat over and skim again. Let it cook gently. When it is nearly tender remove it from the water, drain it and place it in a baking pan. Dredge with salt, pepper, and flour and set it in the oven. Bake until brown and crisp on the surface. Baste occasionally with some of the top of the water from the kettle and dredge with flour after basting. The whole process will take from two and a half to three hours.

When the meat is sufficiently browned remove it to a hot dish and put the pan on the stove and let the water nearly boil out, leaving only fat in the pan. Stir into this fat about two tablespoonfuls of flour and let them brown together. Scrape off all the glaze from the edges, and when well colored, add one pint of hot water from that used in boiling the lamb, or you may use half water and half strained tomato. Stir well as it thickens and season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve in a gravy boat. Remove the strings from the meat, and in serving cut at right angles with the back edge.

After putting the lamb in the oven put the bones and trimmings in the kettle with the water used in the boiling, add one onion, and a few bits of carrot and turnip if you happen to have them, and let the whole simmer until the bones are clear of all gristle or meat. Then strain the liquor and set it away to cool, and the next day you may remove the fat, heat it again, and have a delicious lamb broth with boiled rice or curry. —'American Kitchen Magazine.'

The Difference Between Mine and Thine.

Why is not more care given to teaching the common virtue of honesty to children? We deplore the lack of integrity which is painfully evident at present; but we do not always reflect that, like most other faults, it is mainly due to lack of instruction.

Said a middle-aged lady, 'I was taught that I was not to touch even a pin that did not belong to me, without permission.' Such people do not easily lapse into kleptomania on growing up. The boy who has been told that on no account whatever is he to put his fingers on his neighbor's fruit, that he is to take scrupulous care of a borrowed book, and is to return it promptly and courteously, that he is to scorn such pettiness as keeping his car fare when the conductor overlooks him, that he ought to seek diligently for the owner of lost property instead of at once appropriating it to himself, will probably grow to be a man whose 'word is as good as his bond,' and whose acts are so trustworthy that no one thinks it necessary to investigate them.

Go into a family where the father regales his children with stories of his boyish feats in robbing melon patches and pear trees, where the mother boasts of having outwitted tradespeople, or of slipping off from a car without paying her fare; where both parents speak of umbrellas, pocket handkerchiefs and magazines in a 'to-the-victor-belong-the spoils' tone, laughing at any one so simple as to think that he has a real claim on such articles because he has purchased them for his own use; and you will probably find the children ready to rummage your belongings if opportunity offers, and help themselves to your confectionery. Whether those children will escape the penalty of the law after reaching mature years will depend more on the favor of circumstances than on the strength of their own characters.

If children need to be trained to use their hands and their minds in order to cook and sew and whittle, why not take equal pains to train them in a long course for truthfulness and honesty, so that no second thought should be needed to make their fingers recoil and the whole man shrink from touching what belongs to another?

A man who considers himself an expert and respectable man of business went to cast a paternal eye on his son, who, with some mates, was enjoying the experience of camping in the woods near a large town. One of the first things the father did was to go out and help himself to fruit and vegetables from farms near by, and then to show the boys how to cut down a tree for a fire. The boasts were loud as to the cheapness of the camping expedition, but was it not dearly paid for by the loss of a nice sense of honor, of the perception of the great difference between mine and thine?

As a contrast, let me recall the story of Mrs. Emma Willard, in the early days of her famous school at Troy. During the summer some girls from distant places remained at the school and pursued a few studies. While taking a walk in the country under the charge of a teacher, these girls picked some corn from a field, brought home the ears, roasted and ate them. Mrs. Willard found it out, called the girls to her, and explained in no doubtful words how keen was her mortification that her pupils should have thus disgraced her, and begged that no such thing should occur again.

She ascertained the value of the corn, and paid the farmer from whom it had been taken four times the amount, saying to the girls: 'This was done when you were under the guidance of a person who represented me, and I am responsible for your actions.'

Was not that one of the most valuable lessons that those girls learned during their school days?—School Teacher, in Boston 'Congregationalist.'

Two Ways of Managing Children.

I knew two mothers, neighbors, for whom circumstances made it necessary to choose a day even in August for washing—one of them a tubful of curtains, the other some white bed-spreads. They conferred together about it the evening before, and decided, most sensibly, to use one of the many good soaps now on the market for washing in cold water, to make a splendid suds in their bath-tubs, and let the curtains and spreads practically wash themselves by much soaking and frequent changes of water. I always felt it to be such a pity that they had not also consulted about the further arrangements. One mother boxed her little daughter's ears twice, and slapped her hands three times, and finally tied her sobbing into a chair, there to remain until the washing was over. Why? Because the child, being only seven, found the temptation to plunge her small hands into that lovely suds irresistible; the splashing it all over her small body was an accident, not an intentional naughtiness.

At nightfall the mothers met on their piazzas and had another conference. The washing in both cases had been eminently successful.

'Only,' said one mother, 'what did you do with Frances while your spreads were soaking? I could not keep my Mamie away from the bath-tub; she seemed simply possessed to get her hands in the water. Once she wet herself from head to foot, bending over too far, you know. I finally tied her into a chair and kept her there.'

'Why, Frances,' said the other mother, 'was a real help to me. She is so fond of playing in water that I thought this was quite an opportunity. I took off every article of dress and put on a low-necked, short-sleeved cotton slip that must go in the next wash, and told her that she might make just as big a suds for me as she wanted to in the bath-tub, and you never saw a happier child. She was as wet as a duck, of course, but it did no harm on such a day as this. In fact, I think she was the better for it; she hasn't complained of the heat, nor been cross at all to-day. I always watch for legitimate occasions to let her play in the water.'—Mrs. Isabelle M. Alden, in 'Trained Motherhood.'

Boiled Fish.

Mackerel, halibut, cod, swordfish, salmon and many other varieties of fish are of much finer flavor and decidedly more healthful broiled than fried, especially in warm weather. It is of the utmost importance to grease the broiler, otherwise the fish will present a jagged appearance when brought to the table. Finely barred broilers can be bought for this purpose.

Have the coals clear and red, but not too hot and turn the broiler often to prevent scorching. Season with bits of butter, pepper and salt, and garnish with parsley and sliced lemon, the latter being quite necessary with mackerel and highly flavored fish, as it aids digestion.

Halibut, salmon and sword fish are broiled in slices, while mackerel, haddock, shad and other fish of the same size need to be split down the back. Do not cook it until it is dry; by turning it often, it will broil evenly, and still retain much of its juice.

Kippered herring and finnan-haddock when broiled are appetizing for breakfast. Remove the skins before serving, and season with butter and pepper, omitting the salt. Finnan haddock is also delicious when boiled fifteen minutes, the skin and bones removed, then served with hot milk, butter and pepper.—Annie Balcomb Wheeler, in New York 'Observer.'

There are many more men than the distinguished Thomas Carlyle who make their requirements and their ailments the pivot on which the entire domestic routine turns, crying, 'Ah, me!' when it is too late, and when the unthanked burden-bearer has finally, and once for all shaken off the yoke. I have known men whose wives were driven untimely to death by attendance on and devotion to a household whose claims their physical strength could not satisfy, plume themselves repeatedly and complacently on their virtue as husbands, thinking that because of a single merit in paying the bills or providing servants ad libitum, they fulfilled all their obligations as husbands.—Mrs. E. R. Esler, in 'The Home Mission.'

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